

## THE LADY'S

OR,

## WEEKLY



## MISCELLANY;

THE

## VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, February 29,.....1812.

[NO. 19.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

## THE FOUNDLING OF

## BELGRADE.

The history of Alfonso's early life having little or no connexion with the transactions already detailed, we used the freedom of suppressing it for a while, in order to introduce it with more perspicuity and less interruption to the general thread of the narrative. Even Bernard, great as was the friendship, so long and so mutually subsisting between them, had yet to learn it. There were some particulars which even Alfonso himself could not explain: and tho' he had no secret which he feared to repose in the heart of so tried a friend, yet was he anxious to treat as little upon the subject as was consistent with their mutual confidence, in the hope, however faint that hope, of discovering at no remote period some clue to unravel the mystery of his birth. An adventure, however, fraught with the most perplexing doubts, occurred in the course of this day (we mean the day of Bernard's confession) which no longer admitting of his

wanted reserve, and standing in much need of advice, he resolved to impart to Bernard every incident connected with himself.

Passing the mess-room shortly after parting with Bernard, he was attracted by an unusual noise which induced him to ascend and inquire into the cause. A number of his brother officers, among whom he discovered Bernard, formed a circle round a figure whose odd gestures and fantastic appearance invited his curiosity. The instant he was observed, the circle was thrown open, himself hurried into the throng and placed by the side of the party-colored hero of their merriment. Displeased at this rude interference he protested against it with a warmth uncommon to his disposition. This only added to general mirth, and the consequences might have proved unpleasant but for the interference of Bernard, 'Pooh,' exclaimed he 'it is what all of us have submitted to. Surely Alfonso will not interrupt the general harmony—all of us have partaken of the ceremony—each one has had his fortune told, and why should he murmur at his turn.'

'Is that all,' cried Alfonso, re-

suming his wonted composure, 'I am ashamed my ignorance should have betrayed me into error. Mr. Necromancer proceeded; but be sure to give me a good fortune or give me none.'

Having seated himself upon a tripod designed with painted characters to coincide with the unique costume of its owner, Alfonso waited in perfect indifference the commencement of the ceremony.

'Look me full in the face;' cried the necromancer in broken spanish.

Alfonso did as he was desired; nor could he resist a smile at the affected astonishment, fanciful penetration depicted upon the features of the mountebank. At length he proceeded in a solemn, measured, voice to repeat what all around imagined the usual cant and phraseology of such impostors; but in a moment to overturn the incredulity of Alfonso, paralyze his frame, and fill his soul with awful consternation. That voice! that language! those features too! all were familiar to his wondering senses. 'Gracious God!' exclaimed he, inwardly, 'am I not a far distant wanderer from my native country, changed from youth to manhood? Secret as the grave have I been—none here have knowledge who or what I am;—what then art thou, mysterious man, who by the incantations of thy magic spell, spreads wide the volume of my

life! whose occult science, soaring beyond the contingency of the future, penetrates the mansion of the soul to read the record of the past?' He paused, yet wished to speak—he must be heard—he wished for more; but dared not ask. The magician read the agitation of his mind, and practising upon the credulous perplexity he had created, entreated his composure, but preëmporarily demanded silence. It was indeed difficult for Alfonso to dissemble, in the perturbed state of his mind occasioned by what he had seen and heard; but he succeeded & without creating any farther notice, than a burst of laughter from his comrades, when they heard the mountebank pronounce his countenance void of intelligence, he succeeded in effecting his retreat, with every syllable indelibly imprinted on his mind.

Bernard followed close upon his heels, and both reached Alfonso's apartment at the same instant. They entered, and Alfonso having locked the door threw himself upon his bed exhausted by the wild tumult of his thoughts.

'What is the matter—speak, Alfonso!' exclaimed Bernard—he was silent; but the contracted brow, and bewildered vividness of his eye betrayed the delirium of his mind.

'Tis he!' vociferated Alfonso, as he grasped the handle of his

sword—'unlock the door and let the demon pass—'

'Who what!' cried Bernard, who began to suspect he was deranged in his intellects.

'And canst thou not see him?—look—there—he aims a poignard at my breast.'

Confirmed in his suspicion, Bernard forcibly retained him in his bed from which he was springing with his sword already drawn. After a short pause, he became less intranquil, and seizing the hand of his friend exclaimed, 'Oh! Bernard, did you know all, you would cease to wonder at my perturbation. None of you, I hope, understood the language of the necromancer?'

'None!' cried the astonished Bernard—'was his jargon intelligible to you?'

'Too well I understand it. Sit down and you'll be satisfied.'

'You may remember that after having fixed me upon his tripod, he commanded me to look him in the face—I did so, and smiled at what I too precipitately imagined to be conceited foolery of such impostors. Soon was I undeceived. The past transactions of my youth were told—my native language, long unheard, now sounded its sweet accents in my ear;—petrified by a shock so sudden, I scrutinized his countenance, left no feature unobserved; every lineament was familiar to my wondering eyes—

but I knew him not. Securely masked in the habiliments of his art and in the ravages of impairing time, I was confirmed that I had seen the man without the power of recollecting when or where. He called me by my real name—mentioned many anecdotes of my boyish years, and finished with a clue to the unravelment of my mysterious birth.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed Bernard.

'Tis too true.'

'But wherefore,' interrupted Bernard, 'did you ask no more?'

'I was commanded to avoid the suspicion of the by-standers, and to preserve his secret until I should pursue the directions which he gave me.'

'And what were these?'

'To petition for leave of absence and set out instantly for ———, where I should meet a person whose description he gave, that would reward my pains.'

'And don't you intend to follow his instructions,' cried Bernard.

'I do,' replied Alfonso. 'I have heard enough to rouse my curiosity—the worst I'll brave rather than neglect his instructions. Let me enjoin you, Bernard, to preserve my secret in my absence. Permit me also to recommend circumspection in your plans; regard-

ing Mariana, until my return. You cannot succeed alone : it may be that I shall prove an useful agent in your success.'

'Both !' rejoined Bernard, 'you may confide to my discretion ; but Alfonso, how should we expect confidence where none is due ? what secret have I to which you are not privy ? my whole soul is open to you, and yet you have one thus interesting in which I have no share.'

'I understand you,' interrupted Alfonso. Listen then to a tale you will find full of mystery and confusion. I give it you, however, as I know it myself. The perplexity in which it is involved must be an apology for my long and unpardonable silence.'

#### HISTORY OF ALFONSO.

Whether I was born in wedlock, or whether I am the offspring of an illegitimate intercourse, I have yet to learn. Ignorant of the authors of my being, I have only to hope that the promise of the magician, or by whatever appellation you shall choose to name him, may be realized. Morad of Belgrade, who undertook the protection of my infancy, and superintended my education, though not opulent of himself, was somehow enabled to provide me with every requisite which money could procure ; and I must do him the justice to affirm, that my education was not neglected. Habituated to the practice of a kind, indulgent, and af-

fectionate protection, I was attached to Morad and his wife by every tie of filial love. Hailing each by the endearing appellation of father and mother, I long regarded them as such, without once admitting a supposition to the contrary. They never checked the uniform epithets of my juvenile years ; and I grew up to cherish as a reality what I was in time to ascertain as no more than a cruel mockery.

Never shall that day be obliterated from my memory ! I was yet a youth, and some boyish minds might have been dazzled with the shadow of distant affluence and ennobled birth ; but in mine the undeviating affection, and fond caresses of my foster parents were obstacles insurmountable. They lived a life of retirement ; but surrounded by children of my own years, no desire, no amusement but was mine. Without children themselves I had long been the exclusive sharer of their partiality—the only object of their mutual care. Beloved, and loving, we separated with equal pain. I was torn from the habitation of my childish follies, the scene of all my innocent amusements, and the tender protection of my imbecile years : they from the darling of their hearts, from a child which second nature had inured to them as a blessing granted by the peculiar interposition of heaven. 'Twas a distressing scene. Painful as it was to my unripened feelings, it was more, 'twas still more painful to them.

The evening was mild, and the vernal breeze which agitated the surrounding foliage, invited the inhabitant of the cottage to taste its fragrance on the lawn after the declension of a sultry sun. I had just returned fatigued, from the gambols in which I had been mixing with my juvenile associates, and seated on the bench beside my parents, was satisfying a keen appetite with a feast of dates & new drawn milk, when a stranger rode up and presented a letter to the good old man, muttering an indistinct sentence which I had not, nor cared I to understand. All three walked into the house, while I unsuspecting of the credentials of the unknown, finished my repast and planning, while I eat some new species of innocent amusement. My young mind, yet undisturbed with care, sought only to beguile the hours from play. I well remember the veriest allotments assigned for the ensuing morn, and my little heart fluttered with the expectances of to-morrow—alas! that morrow was the period to existing felicity, to usher in the troubles and concerns of life, and to begin the vicissitudes of my wayward fortune. Scarcely was the last date washed down, the bowl still hanging at the lip, when my foster parents running from the house, grasped me in their arms and rent the air with sobs and lamentations. Unable to account for the sudden change, and almost suffocated with their mutual embrace, I remained, awhile, the pas-

sive instrument of their undivided affliction. Exhausted by excessive grief, both unconsciously sunk upon the bench leaving me a wondering spectator of the passing scene. Application to that quarter was in vain, and my curiosity turned toward the unknown. He was standing in sullen silence, with his back resting against the trunk of a majestic chesnut, seemingly unmoved by the distress he witnessed. To him I applied for the cause, but the only answer was an indifferent shrug, and a still more hideous scowl upon his already terrifying visage. My soul shrunk back within me as I contemplated the hateful form which now presented itself. Little expecting it was me he sought, I regarded him as the engine of tyrannical oppression, come to drag my aged parents to a prison. On my knees I supplicated his compassion, and grasping his giant limbs in the fervency of appeal, the monster kicked me from him as a sprawling insect.

(To be Continued.)

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*Little Dominick; or the Welsh School-master and Irish pupil.*

*From an Essay on Irish Bulls, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Maria Edgeworth.*

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress by taking on himself his father's debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales: that of all the creditors,

none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson, who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

'What is the rascal's demand!—He shall be paid off this instant,' cried dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort-Reilly: 'send for him up, and let me pay him off on the spot.'

'Had not we best finish our business first, about the O'Reilly estate, sir?' said the attorney.

'No, sir! damn the O'Reilly estate!' cried he, huddling the maps together on the desk; and taking up the bank-notes, which he had began to reckon for the purchase-money—'I beg your pardon, sir—if you knew the facts you would excuse me—Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?'

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm chair, O'Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, in a stentorian voice, 'Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones, come up, and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid at all.'

Up stairs hobbled the old school-master, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him—'Cot pless me, that voice—' he began.

'Where's your bond, sir!' said the attorney.

'Safe here, Cot be praised!' said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom, first a blue pocket handkerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammar—which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

'Here is my bond,' said he, 'in the crammer,' which he had gathered from the ground; then fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposit.

O'Reilly saw the bond, seized it looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the seal from the bond: then, without looking at old Owen ap Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat on his head, and rushed out of the room. He was, however, obliged to come back again, to ask where Edwards was to be found.

'In king's-bench prison, sir,' said the attorney. But am I to understand,' cried he, holding up the map of the O'Reilly estate, 'am I to understand that you have no farther wish for this bargain?'

'Yes—No—I mean, you are to understand that I am off,' replied our hero, without looking back—'I'm off—that's plain English.'

Arrived at the king's-bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined: the bolts flew back—for even the turnkey

seemed to catch our hero's enthusiasm.

'Edwards, my dear boy, how do you do! Here's a bond debt, justly due to you for my education—O, never mind asking any unnecessary questions, only just make haste out of this undeserved abode—our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones you know—Well, how the man stares! Why, now, will you have the assurance to pretend to forget whom I am? and must I *shake*,' continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood—'and must I *shake* to you again in my old Irish brogue, before you will *ricollect* your own little *Dominick*?'

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been satisfied.

'Sir,' said the attorney, 'I have paid the plaintiff in this suit; and he is satisfied. But I must say,' added he, with a contemptuous smile, 'that you Irish gentleman are rather in too great a hurry in doing business; business, sir, is a thing that must be done slowly to be well done.'

'I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison. I thought the quicker I do this business the better. Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly.' 'Instantly!—'Tis well

sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks so very uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank-notes of yours, sir, amounting to a good round sum! You have made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty, instead of the principal of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done.'

'Just twice as much as was in the bond, but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion,' said O'Reilly; 'but whatever I did, it was with my eyes open. I was persuaded you was an honest man, in which you see I was not mistaken; and as a man of business, I knew that you would pay Mr. Owen ap Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant and now mean should lie in your hands for my friend Edward's use: I feared he would not have taken it from my hands, I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of prison merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder indeed, but not an Irish blunder—our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart.'

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*Cunning.*—Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

The LUCUBRATOR.

NUMBER II.

*'In opere agendo nihil agunt, qui in literarum inutilium studiis detinentur. Ecce Romanos quoque invasit studium supervacua discendi. Cujus errores ista minuunt? Cujus cupiditates premunt? Quem fortiosem, quem justiosem, quem liberaliorem facient?'*

SENECA de BREV. C. 13 14.

The decline of one mighty Empire bears a strict analogy to that of another. The uncultivated understanding is first improved, and no sooner improved, than debased. Luxury begets a triviality of pursuit, and the mind, as it were, forgets its office: it becomes pleased with 'nothings,' and unconscious of higher powers. The Romans, when on the decline, gave way to a disposition for trifles, of which Seneca complains, and with propriety asks them, what real advantage they can ever expect to reap from superfluous study.

Nor is cause for the same complaint less obvious in this country and age. Leaving the solid attainments of literature, we delight in its ornaments, in useless effusions that play with the imagination and excite the fancy; but leave the judgement a barren moor, and exposed to every noxious weed. By this inattention we have changed the character of the nation, and placed its characteristic in 'little-ness of mind.' We have grown

tired of the learning which made our Fathers wise, and adhere to the futility that has made us fools. Our insignificance of mind shews itself in every action of our lives. In Morality, we are fond of the superficial and gaudy decorations which novel-writing has introduced. In religion, we have neglected the substance, yet despise the form; and hang so equally suspended between Christianity and Infidelity, that it is difficult to say whether St. Paul or David Hume has most followers. In History, we are attentive to dates and chronological minutiae, and forget that this noblest of sciences was intended as a source of reflection on the nature of man and the ways of Providence. In the Belles Lettres, we have transferred our affections from the models of Greece and Rome, and have placed them on the shallow impertinencies of French criticism. Our Poetry has dwindled from the efforts of sublimity, morality, and classical utility, to the playful writticisms of odes and sonnets, or the gingling of imaginary truths in hobbling rhimes. Our ambition extends not to the rivalship of a Milton or a Shakespeare; and we are more anxious to enlarge our collection of musty Greek manuscripts, than desirous to boast of a second Homer.

Socrates, with indignation, asks, if men are to investigate the properties of external objects, yet neglect those of their own minds?

Could Socrates in the shades receive an answer from a modern Naturalist, it would run thus:—

‘That the cultivation of tulips is of more consequence than the cultivation of minds; and that curiosity and memory are the only qualities that make a man valuable.’—

I do not question but that the study of natural history has been of some little service to the world; but I am sure the unwearied pursuits of some of our naturalists have answered no other purpose than to consign to a narrow circle, if not to oblivion, the abilities of many an ingenious man. This disposition unfits them for any other employment, and taints their whole conduct. The mighty concerns of kingdoms and states are mean and inconsiderable, when put in competition with the pregnancy of an earth-worm; and the change of ministry affects not a naturalist half so much as the transformation of a butterfly. They not only take Solomon’s advice, ‘Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise; but even go a step farther, and consider that animal with an attention of which Solomon himself was not capable. The toil and labour of a long life is deemed well spent, if at last rewarded with the possession of a distorted spider, or a curious cockle; and they who endeavour to search into the structure of their own minds, receive the scientific appellation of ‘Drones.’ A beetle with a leg more or less than usual, is a present that would

bind them ever yours; while they would scarcely nod their heads on the receipt of the best philosophical treatise ever written. A great desideratum in morality, if developed, might give them some little satisfaction; but never could be put in competition with two tulips on one stalk. I am afraid the conclusion of a peace will give my friend Charles Lovelittle no great delight, unless the aloe, which he has in his possession, blooms at the same time, according to his expectation.

But to what purpose can or have these unwearied endeavours been turned?—What has medicine gained? Not a single plant, metal, or other mineral, is now used but what has owed its discovery to chance. A certain degree of knowledge of the appearances of natural objects may be necessary; but a life spent in the pursuit of such knowledge, I cannot help thinking is thrown away on what profits not the possessor, and pleases not others. The enthusiasm which I now reprobate is a rare occurrence. One country can scarcely boast of more naturalists than another. Perhaps I shall be told, that there is no accounting for difference of taste, and that every man has a right to please himself. I grant that there are differences of taste depending on circumstances which we have made little progress in the discovery of; but I deny that every man has a right to please himself. The useful arts must always

have the preference over those that are merely entertaining; and if a man's whole study during a whole life is to please himself, he forgets that he was made for society—he forgets many an important duty. The duties of life depend not on the vague varieties of taste. The moralist and the man of learning, who make men better and wiser, have a decided superiority over him, be his abilities what they may, who studies only to please himself—who gratifies his own appetites at the expence of society and his memory. If a man does not wish to croud to the gates of death with the many thousands that are never heard of, he will be anxious to leave some memorial behind him which may shew that he had the interests of piety, or learning, or wisdom, as much at heart as the indulgence of his private inclinations. Every man ought in some measure to benefit his fellow-creatures—by example, if he can no otherwise; but, men of learning and genius are especially called upon to exert their abilities in this duty. The world looks up to them for it: Heaven has commanded it: and a life of inactivity is as unprofitable as a life of vice.

Who can refrain a sigh when he reflects on the many improvements which the philosophy of the human soul might have received, had those abilities and disposition to enquiry been bestowed on it which have been lavished on a species of knowledge which at the best con-

stitutes but a slight ornament to life? From the imperceptible motions, the labours, the appearances and the agonies of the insect world, what can we deduce that is applicable to our own minds? From the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, even if the bowels of the earth were to be laid open, would any appetite be satiated but curiosity, any power exercised but memory, and in the most favourable light, would any advantage result but of a temporary and trivial nature?—From the talents of men, of genius being thus employed—. I had almost said, prostituted—it has happened, that the study of human nature has never kept apace with any other branch of literature: nor in all our curious disquisitions and unremitting labours have we found any thing to ballance ignorance of ourselves. Hence it is that men have conceived an opinion, that there are no fixed principles in the mind, and that all is doubt, passion, or casual propensity. Under such prejudices, the presence of infidelity must be certain: or if speculation be entirely spent on external objects, the absence of practical immortality is rather a matter of wonder than its presence a matter of course. To suppose that there are not certain laws and principles for the regulation of the mind, is to suppose that the Creator has sent us into the world half perfect, in our natures, and that the motions of inferior and external objects are subjected to the best go-

vernment and the most fixed laws, while our minds are left in an unstable and wavering state, susceptible of any transitory emotion, and unable to repel any. But although the laws of the intellectual system are not clearly obvious to common understandings, they do exist, and, but for this unwarrantable passion for trifles and unimportant knowledge, they would long ere now have been emancipated from an obscurity in which we wilfully have allowed them to remain.

C.

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### VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED  
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### CURIOUS LETTER.

Mr. Editor.—The following is an exact copy of a letter, dated in 1804, from a poor woman in Scotland to the Emperor Alexander:—

“Unto the most excellent Alexander Emprore of that Grat Dominion of Russia, and the Teratourys the Unto Belonging, &c. &c. &c.

“Your Most Humble Servant Most Humbly begs your Most Gracious Pardon for my Boldness in aprotching your Most Dreed Sovring for your Clemency at this Time. My Sovring the Candour of this Freedom is on the account

of Your Sovrings Goodness in the Serving and Inlarging of My Son, whose Name is John Duncan, aged 26 years who was on a Prentice, who was prisoner with Robert Spittle his Master Captaen of the Han, Spittle of Alloa at the time of the British Embargo in Your Sovring's Dominions in Russia, who is the only Seport of me his Mother and Bessid I have no other freend for My Seport and oa the account of Your Gracious Benevalance Be Pleased to axcept of this smal present from your Ever Well wisscher whilst I have Breath. The small Present is Three Pair of Stockings for Going on when Your Sovring Gos out a Hunting I would a have sent Your Sovring silk Stockings if that My Son Could Go in serch for it, but the press being so hot at this Time that he cannot go for fear of being pressed. If your Sovring will be Pleased to axcept of this, and fa-veour me with an ansuer of this by the Bearer and let me kno what Famely of children your Sovring has I will send Stockings for them for the Winter before Winter Comes on, as also what Sons and what daughters you might have.—Most Dreed Sovring I am your Most Obedt. And Humble Devant Till Death,

“Elizabeth Wilcox”

“St Neunsons by Sterling  
April 2d 1804

“Please to Derect to Me to the Care of Robert Rance in St Neunsons by Sterling.”

The foregoing letter requires no comment; but your Readers may be gratified at knowing that the Emperor Alexander ordered her a remittance of 100*l* which was paid to her through the Russian Minister in London; unfortunately some busy *Man of Letters* took upon himself to correct her second letter to the Emperor, thanking him for the money, whereby it was robbed of that originality, the loss of which we have to regret.

I am, &c.

A person of a poetical turn having written some verses on a scolding wife shewed them to a friend, who earnestly requested he would favour him with a *copy*, to which the other replied, my dear friend that is quite unnecessary, as you have the *original* at home.

A new invented portable instrument called the HARP-FLUTE, is noticed in the Irish Papers as much resembling in tone. &c. the real harp and has other claims well worth the notice of the musician, as these elegant and most desirable little instruments not only possess the pleasing sound of real harps, but also accompany the voice most agreeably, as likewise the Piano Forte the Pedal Harp, &c. &c. They require very little instruction for learning to play on and are very light and portable.

During the hearing of a cause at Chelmsford assizes, a number of deeds were produced. The Lord chief Baron stopped the Counsel and observed, that the production of old papers reminded him of a curious circumstance that occurred a few days ago: when, on examining some ancient deeds, he accidentally discovered, that the Black Boy Inn, in Chelmsford, bore the same sign in the reign of Edward II a period of near 500 years. *Irish jest.*

*From an English, Annual Register.  
February the 26th 1812.*

Dr. Rotheram in a philosophical enquiry into the nature and properties of Water, lately published, says. 'One effect of snow, which I can assure my readers of, is, that a certain quantity of it, taken up fresh from the ground, and mixed in a flour pudding will supply the place of eggs. and make it equally light; the quantity allowed is two table spoonfuls instead of one egg; and if this proportion be much exceeded, the pudding will not adhere together but will fall to pieces in boiling. I assert this from the experience of my own family; and any one who chooses to try it will find it to be a fact.'

#### THE GHOST.

The late Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequent altercations on the

subject of ghosts. The Bishop was a zealous defender of their reality—the Justice somewhat sceptical. The Bishop one day met his friend, and the Justice told him that since their last conference on the subject he had an ocular demonstration of the existence of ghosts.—‘I rejoice at your conversation (replied the Bishop;) give me the circumstances that produced it, with all the particular ocular demonstration you had.’—‘Yes, my Lord:—As I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awaked by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs—(Go on)—Alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain—(proceed)—and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber—(of a blue color, was it not?—of a pale blue; the light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of 70 years of age, arrayed in a long light colored rug gown, bound round with a leathern girdle, his beard thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight, his face of a dark sable hue, on his head a large fur cap, and in his hand a long staff—terror seized my whole frame—I trembled till the bed almost shook and cold drops hung on every limb; the figure, with a slow and solemn step, stalked nearer and nearer—(Did you not speak to it? There was money hid; a murder committed without doubt)—My Lord, I did speak to it; I adjured it, by all that is holy, to tell whence it came, and why it thus appeared

—(And in heaven's name what was the reply?)—It was accompanied by three strokes of his staff on the floor, so loud that they made the room ring, when, holding up his lanthorn, and holding it close to my eyes he told me—he *was the watchman*, and came to give me notice that my street door was open, and unless I arose and shut it, I might chance to be robbed before morning.’ The Judge had no sooner concluded than the Bishop disappeared.

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### LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, February 29, 1812.

“Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the times.”

### MAGDALIN SOCIETY.

Although it has been known to the Police of this city, that a systematic combination has existed for years amongst nefarious characters, for ensnaring and seducing virgin innocence, yet hitherto, to the reproach of our city, otherwise humane and benevolent there has existed no refuge, no protecting association, for the miserable victims of seduction to appeal to in distress. A news paper is not the proper place for a detail of facts; but there are authenticated facts in the possession of respectable magistrates, which would rouse sympathy for the oppressed, and indignation towards their destroyers in every heart, not hardened by vice, nor callous through avarice.

A Magdalen Society has been lately organized, which as it has received the public approbation, there is every reason to hope it will also experience the public support. The Managers are now devoting a portion of their time to solicit

Subscriptions and Donations, and as a liberal and early Contribution is essential to enable them to provide a suitable Asylum, a friend to the Institution respectfully requests on this occasion, the exercise of that benevolence, so distinguished a feature in the character of his Fellow-Citizens. There is an Alms-house for the Poor, and a Hospital for the Sick, but a Refuge and protection against crimes which debace the mind, & destroy the soul, there is none in our city—and and there will be none, unless the hand of humanity distribute the bounty of opulence for that purpose. The names of the managers have already been published; and, should they not be able to make an early and general application, it may be well to add, that Donations & Subscriptions can be forwarded to Thos. L. Ogden, Esq. Secretary, or to John Aspinwall, Esq. Treasurer—and it is extremely desirable, that such an amount should be received before the next meeting of the Board of Managers, as may enable them, without delay, to establish an Asylum on a respectable and permanent footing.

AMICUS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Enigmatical list of young Ladies, at Greenwich Village, cannot be inserted, without the names of each Enigma.

Editor

**WANTED** immediately, an Apprentice to the Printing business, apply at this office.

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

### Married.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr Fenwick, Mr. John Stewart, Cabinet Maker, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Ellen McLean, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. George D. Hyatt, Benjamin Sullivan,

aged 17 years, to Miss Mary Smith, aged 14 years the former of this city and the latter from Lisbon.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Alexander Porter, to Miss Jane Porter, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Edward Arrowsmith, to Miss Mary Glentworth, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Thomas Silkworth, to Miss Cornelia Pouhman, all of this city.

On Thursday the 20th inst. by the rev. Mr. Strong, Mr. John Wood, to Miss Susan Tuttle both of this city.

In this City, Adam Patterson, to Miss Letitia Morrow, both natives of Ireland.

At the Friends Meeting House, Mamaroneck, the Rev. Stephen Underhill, to Miss Phoebe Cornell.

In New Jersey, Edward Thatcher, to Miss Ann Merril.

In New Jersey, Curtis Goldy, to Miss Rachel Morton.

In New Jersey, Daniel Webb, aged 80 to Miss Grace Malbery, aged 24!

†§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§§†

### Died.

On Manday morning last, after a short illness, Mrs. Esther James, wife of James James.

On Saturday last, Mrs. Sarah Brouwer, wife of Abraham E. Brouwer, in the 46th year of her age.

On Tuesday afternoon last, Mrs Charlotte Gould, wife of John Gould, in the 47th year of her age.

At Newark, Nicholas Ogden, esq. aged 59 years.

On Sunday morning last, (occasioned by a fall) Mr. Benjamin Mowatt, aged 35 years.

On Saturday afternoon last, Mrs Elizabeth Creighton aged 60 years.

At Brooklyn, on Saturday evening last, William Arnold, Rope Maker, formerly of this city, and an old Revolutionary character, in the 69th year of his age.



*‘Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.’*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*On an Old Blind Man—who was led to  
his daily labour, by a little Dog which  
he held by a cord.*

*Behold! yon Object, blind and poor,  
Led daily, from, his humble door;  
Guided to labour, by a little cur.*

*From day to day, from morn to eve,  
This little dog will never leave,  
His poor blind master—faithful, true, he  
prove's.*

*When Sol, refulgent gilds the east,  
Attentive is this little beast;  
To wake his master, from his nightly  
rest.*

*Then thither do they hie, and roam,  
To yonder Building far from home;  
Where he a scanty, substance, doth earn.*

*And when the sun, at eve retires,  
This aged man, now home repairs;  
And rests his weary limbs, from daily  
care's.*

*Closs by his side, his servant lie's,  
And when the masters bosom sigh's,  
He starts and opes his watchful, waking  
eyes.*

*'Tis thus he live's—and truly blest,*

*In God he fixes all his trust,  
In Heav'n he says I shall forever rest.*

*“What tho' I am depriv'd of sight?  
My prospect is divinely bright,  
My soul enjoys a fair unclouded light.*

*Tho' I have neither sight nor gold,  
My treasures, never can be told:  
But Heaven a rich display will soon un-  
fold.*

*Be mine the poor man's humble lot,  
And mine the treasure he has sought;  
For this will last, when all things, are  
forgot.*

Feb. 24 1812.

‘E . . . n’

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*You who have felt the sacred flame,  
Oh! say is Friendship but a name?  
Did you e'er blush with secret shame  
For Friendship!*

*Tell me—is not that influence pure  
Which proves a balm our grief to cure?  
What heals the pain we can't endure?  
'Tis Friendship.*

*Sweet its effects, benign its pow'r,  
And swiftly wings each passing hour,  
Reviving thou, as summers show'r  
Sweet Friendship.*

*When wearied with a book or pen;  
How sweet the voice of Friendship then!  
Time smoothly glides, and we again  
Bless Friendship.*

*And thou, sweet comforter! not kind  
To raise and cheer the drooping mind;  
Which long by sadness was confined  
From Friendship.*

*Thy blessings never cease to send!  
Be with me till my life shall end!  
In ev'ry hour my dearest friend  
Is Friendship.*

Those who with me thy name revere,  
 Reward with friends truly sincere.  
 Teach them that faithfulness is dear  
   To Friendship.  
   GERALDINE.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### ACROSTIC.

Patience what a meek sublime and  
     Heavenly name,  
 Angels around should guard its spotless  
     fame,  
 T is not the seraphic name that I alone  
     admire;  
 It's to the owner that my wandering  
     thoughts aspire,  
 Every charm with Beauty; modesty &  
     wit unite,  
 Now strive to make the shine supreme-  
     ly bright,  
 Content'd with thy enchanting smiles  
     my lovely maid,  
 Ever sweeter than the flowers in bloom  
     of spring array'd.

L everich is the only balm, the only name,  
 Every object is dead to me while she  
     remains;  
 Vary'g time may seem to sooth my  
     palpitating breast,  
 E levate new hopes, (perhaps) and bid  
     my heart to rest,  
 R eceive from these few lines the tribute  
     of my praise,  
 I n time a more substantial fabric may  
     be rais'd;  
 C harms thus noble, elegant with grace &  
     ease combin'd,  
 H appy must the mortal be, who can  
     with honor call thee mine.

W. R. S.

To Miss P. L.—, NEWTOWN L. I.

The tears that burn on ev'ry cheek  
 And gush from ev'ry eye;

The trembling lips that cannot speak  
 What prompts the heaving sigh;  
 Tho' strong they mark our grief and  
     woe

For those who'll ne'er return;  
 How weak alas! the pangs they shew  
 With which our hearts are torn.

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